

Nobel, As I am



AJ David

Agape Publications

Find Grandpa, Serve God!

To All of the Men and Women who have found a way to survive and thrive, and sacrificed to create a better world in order to give us enough time to see the truth for ourselves

Cloud of the Most High

I'm so grateful for the cloud of witnesses. The Mother's Board and the Deacons. Recollection in no particular order. Hmm.. The Deacons, Danny Holland, Mickey Leeland. Godfather Ollie, and Mamma Blueford, Uncle Tolson, Uncle Cleaver, Mamma Johnson, and Mamma Weaver. Mamma Boyd, and Mother's Marshall, and John's Marshall. With your strength, and your wisdom, I will be your voice, to hold fast to your truths. To give wealth to the wise, and opportunities for the youth.

Intervention/Proposal

Love is the reason for this madness, tragic, hapless, lapses, crack hit hard, matter a fact, pride leaves indelible scars til your heart is White like Scar, all he does is scar. Hurt Lions, hurt lions, kills liars, spit fire, retire, crumble empires of chumps, less evolved than a chimp. Me, I repent in humble, fearful, adoration. To see things as you see things is unspeakable. I humble bow at the weight of her majesty. And never will forget that you are the one who lifted me.

Curiosity Killed The Cat

I figure, cats got 9 lives, I'll stand by watch.

Mathematically speaking, no need for panting or wheezing. I'll just take my time and watch.

No need to touch stoves, fingers in sockets, Card Catalogues. When there's an infinite ways to go. With one glance, I threw caution to the wind and put my chips on Black.

Ooh, she set my soul on fire! She taught me economics, politics, science, and the true meaning of religion.

I am Kirk, Piccard, and Spock

I have seen things that have made the strongest of men melt like wax. I have felt the silent thunder that manifest as real thunder.

I'm tryna make it as plain this ain't a game.

I used my 8, made sure to save one and I gave myself, at the alter without hesitation, so that you can shine through her.

The tempest is real, respect and pay homage, she is not to be messed with, so blessed to pass your test. It was the most painful I promise, but I'm grateful. You have taken my black heart and made it Onyx. I'll follow your ways, all of my days. I will be still.

It was

an angel sent from the heavens. You saw what no one else could. Went all in. Burnt bridges, sank ships, at the command from a little boy who all too often shot from the hip. Shot a lot of friendlies, wanted to prove that men can love. Not allowing you to be Brave, robbed you of your own picaresque, the fight from the struggle. believed, Constant state of anxiety, cuz the stakes are so high. Fam see greatness but in a time too far away. Black Skin, fluke, lucky anomaly, outlier, cheater, liar, fraud, oh God. Those who saw the gift, squeeze it into a box. Instead of breaking through the glass box, while others eyes to the sky, climbed the ladder not understanding that the s-n desired was an allusion or a feeling. All too many people trapped by the glass ceiling... On the way down the ladder, tried to warn brotha, it was too late.

No choice, equal, but some more equal than others...Looking around, Osteoporoses, Obesity, turning men and women to animals, Got me wanting to question Ol' McDonald. Zip Codes like animal farm. Darwin partial truth in other words limited perspective.

Pen32, relocated, rebranded, entered into free agency, maybe I can find someone to agree with me, that I am, who I see.

Deathly frightened of complacency, PTSD is the son of she. Bu I had to drink from this cup. Didn't mean to hurt, but just know fa sho, Always here God will be. Even when you don't see. Grind, free your mind.

Golden Goose

Golden Goose with the golden truth, I'm just doing my best to pass the test to not turn this rope into a noose.

So excited, tryna hide it. Praying that you would be a shield about me, to comfort me, to guide me.

Don't let me get to high and think its about me
Don't let me get to low and fall off the planet.

The Golden Goose with the Golden truth,
Put a spiget on the hose, control the flow, so it sustains its power for eternity.

Galactic Realignment

The enzyme, the only power, with supreme authority, to break the chains, ionic, covalent, with one statement. No division, y'all all my babies. Stop acting like fools, and act so crazy. Sit down, no camera's, fight it out, express yourself, get it out. But keep it between yourselves. Lift each other up. Love one another, healthy competition. Too many hard working people believing in us. I can't tolerate disrespect

Relationship Clause

I reserve the right, to accept, reject, and maybe accept later, whatever I elect in part or in whole whatever stereotype I choose, at any given moment, and will not be afraid to shut this shit down if you push me.

Mene, Mene

Can't save you anymore, what's the use?

I wanted to offer a truce, wanted to hold on to the rope, but you turned it into a noose.

I see what happens to your disciples. Fat stressed, depressed, hopes and dreams laid to rest. I tried to reason with the criminal, just repent. I tried the governor to get a pardon. But I couldn't get in the door. Left a voicemail that said call tomorrow. But I know that tomorrow's not promised, that's why they call it the present, I'm trying to get you the gift. I rush to the executioner, one last chance before judgement. Burst through the door, I take a glance, bent over gasping for air, confused, it's too late for heaven sakes. One person was to be executed, not two. I rush to see the criminal was dead, but to my surprise, the executioner was you.

Sublingual

Sublingual, words so sweet like sugar right there, right there...

Sublingual, subliminal message serving blessing, secretly confessing, my mysterious sentiments sent by the heaven sent open your mouth a spoonful of sugar...

Sublingual, let's arrange a rendezvous, around two, getaway a quick escape, so I can get a taste of your sweet, no need for a tongue depressor, I want it....

Sublingual

Broken Chain

Platinum link, and Herringbone, tho royalty, I choose loyalty to principal. Not stuck up, just like to keep it plain and simple. I can't wear chins around my neck and wrist until I unshackle the chains in my mental.

Misplaced anger justified as toughening up

Cock strong, physically and mentality. But it was not so clear to see when in your face. It wasn't until have relationship with other adults, that I realized it wasn't supposed to be this way. I didn't know any better. I thought it was love, but no part of love means being target practice, taking bumps and bruises, and asking for a blessing. Nah big brah, I learned my lesson. Wreckless with words, you are your own judge. Condemned by testimony, witness of one.

I tried to stop you, but you had already loaded the gun. It's like I watched you, with your own mouth. I wanted to stop you, but I figured it out.

I can no longer sacrifice my well-being for yours.

I don't blame you, but refuse to sacrifice my reward. I don't know where we go from here, not really sure. But I'm not one to leave one hanging.

Here is your final blessing, without restraint.

I'm so greatful for the God in you, you've helped to create the half-man half monster. It is my prayer that you get to be the son you never had. I pray that you get the love from a mom that unconditionally love you. I know it's not your fault. I can't blame you. Your too dangerous now. No one can tame you. So, I wish you your words and actions, let God judge to her/his satisfaction. Between you and me, it's all love. I forgive you for all of the buckshots, and slugs. It has made me who I am today. And thank God for my healing. I just know I have to protect my line, my legacy. Monitor my cub m, like a ghost like my Heavenly Father. I know it's hard, I embrace my battle scares. I will gladly accept those in lieu of my broken chains.

Real Court

Fuck a Subpoena, I'm telling Mamma

The Re-Educated Negro

Peeking behind the closet, while the wizard was away, got a hold of the controls, saw into everyone's soul, bout lost control. From Sledgehammer to chainsaws, I've seen it all. Scalpels and paper cuts, the most pain came from the softest touch. Regain control, saw it was all an illusion, so I went along with it. Developed a remote control system. The Man behind the curtain was the one some saw as a king, some saw a nigga, some saw a little boy, some saw a dick, some saw a way out, some thought it was themselves. But it was nice seeing who people really are. Entertaining Angels, this time it was the King! Exposed what was in hearts, No one can pretend. Even the old man behind the curtain, didn't know who was in control. So he rallied and created narratives of division. But when you divide, you divide, and soon you are alone. That's what happens when you build an Alter to yourself...I served the people, you served the illusion of death.

But truth will be told, God is God. Every Knee will bow, every tongue confess

The Missing Link

Homo neanderthalensis, are those who couldn't covet a silver spoon because eating was a matter of survival. They are those who do what it takes to survive. Those who make up their mind instead of tryin to make a dollar, they figured out, that it's all about making .30 out of 15¢. In a very here and now senses people all over the world have withstood violations of all types of human indignities.

Unmet needs, neglect, and oppression are inevitable, when a few seek to control many aspects of that which cannot be understood from a distance.

While these issues are universal in nature, I can only share my story and the stories of those with whom I have served.

I unapologetically declare, That the War on Black Men and Boys is Over!

C.S. Lewis Offered the opinion that The English language is convoluted with colloquialisms, and connotations that dilute the potency of words.

An example of half-truth is a driver needing proof of insurance. There are only a few true ways to prove a driver has insurance. The most obvious is having an accident. I assure you, you when you get hit, and the other person drives away, they in no uncertain terms, put you on notice. Another way is to prove that you have insurance is by making a claim with the company. Finally, the last way is to have a third party verify the status of your insurance by proxy.

and disenfranchisement by uninformed consent.

The concept of superiority is the cancer of the planet.

KJ

Hunger games, kinda strange Roman/American Collosium. False praise and accolades for those who made a way to the biggest stage. Lights so bright, So many contenders I won't even pretend to know what it takes to push through mediocracy and dare to be great. From obscurity, It seems sure to me, that a lot of times their not ready for the big moment. Without much choice and with one voice, the crowd screams for blood.

Personal Stats just moot point used to justify capped salary increases I can't believe this.

Because the kids on stage are getting paid to play, and this is my reprieve from my stressful day, it gives me plausible reason to behave and justification to say what I want to say when things don't go my way.

Looser, Hack, thiiiiiiiissssss nigga....

Not THIS, Niggaaaaa

Not This Nigga

This is a game. You not gassin my head up to let me down when you think I'm too high. King Kush, gets me higher than praise with strings attached and fleeting accolades. This's Nigga gettin paid. Fuck the team, that could change today. A pop or twist, something unfortunate, even legit, will get your family actin funny. Your status is in a fluctuating purgatory. Family, Friends, GM's, and Owners lurking around determining the status of they asset. Doc says I'm okay, but retuning to the stage I still get a jitter. Plain clothes guys, to my surprise, analyzing my every move canonized on Twitter.

Not trusting you with my body or my mental. It's quite simple, I rep me, until my name is the one signing them checks. Or at least until I get residuals from ticket sales what the hell, I'll taking parking and booze too. Sky Box seats , drinks for the crew, who knew, nose bleed life in the rear view.

So go ahead, keep asking these dumb ass questions in during my pressers. Only God can

judge, prison rules...Respect me, Respect yourself. Doubt my ability, watch, hoping to see Me fail. Someone so Big, so talented, so black as me. King blood in my veins, it had to be. Too many years a slave now Im free. You should've never fucked with Thiiiis Niggga! So kiss the ring, and get correct. From Akron, OKC, NYC, Phili, Detroit, LA, Houston, New Orleans, ATL, DC and beyond. Stay strong fight on.

Praying Mantissé

Need a strong drink, no mock tail

Walls fail, I mean walls crumble when the lion enters the jungle. "Use your words, never mind, enjoy your time, I accept the moans and mumbles. High as heaven, so grateful to be humbled, privately, within the privacy, of your urban jungle. Never have I, ah, ah like this.

Wrapped tightly in a warm blanket, don't want out cuz it's cold outside, and quite frankly, lonely. Enjoy hangin with my homies, the twins. Them boys get it in, no need to pretend. But they got each other. I'm the third wheel, third still, looking for my place.

Taking warmup swings in the on deck circle. Twins begging me not to leave them blue in the face, cuz they have ran through walls for me. Im just Steve, looking for his Laura Urkel. Step up to the plate, no escape.

Sliding into base after a taste, better yet, a feast if you will, leg shake, earth quake, peace, be still

Ebb and flow,

come and go

Fast and slow

Ready or not, I'm bout to....

Sike! still Clearance Carter Strokin

Expectations shattered in the most perfect way,

The cup of ----- to start her day,

A dose of that medicine from the heaven sent injected, love protects its own, no protection.
Spidey Sense telling me times up, gotta get ghost. For now, take a bow, thank your host, exist
stage left. You've poked the beast now it's time to retreat, or she'll bite your head off.

At first, headstrong, now head soft. She stronger, can go longer, but you pay the cost. Ask Rick
and Tony Danza in the next stanza who'se the boss. When Charles was in charge spending on
credit. She will take your life, you like a mouse, or mice. She strong like Lennie.

Been so looong, Henny penny, when the right fit comes along, her embrace so strong. Don't
look into her eyes, keep em closed!

Taste the honey dripped lips, however, if your clever, don't let the honey dipped send you into a
twist by entering your auditory. Call me old fashioned, but don't be surprised or hypnotized, or
else it will lead to your demise, when it comes to your olfaction. That aroma, cause the best, to
confess, in hopes that the flow will atone ya. I have to warn ya, not tryna alarm ya. Veronica
said, Abandon your old faction, be a fly on the wall. Don't rush in too soon, assured for a great
fall. Blend in pretend, pretend to be a friend, make amends, whatever it takes for heaven sakes.
Cats rush in, emptying the N9ne, popin blue diamonds, heart was once alive, now hard and cold
as steel. Don't know what's real. Complacency, the great enemy..."every thing is Not awesome".
Thanks Lego Movie!

Everyone's the special, when you branch out. Just be sure that you know when it's time to pull
out!

Born Sinner

Take a pause to think J. Cole for exposing the half-truth with deep roots. Mislead in the head about my nature. Born sinner or born into sin. A big difference, let's not pretend. In church, it hurt driving myself insane. just want to please God, religious rules could be followed on the outside, but in the end in, when by myself I know I'm a fraud. Became perfect at living a double life. Smile, be happy, cuz I have to be a light in this dark world. Learning to be everybody's everything. Can't tell the difference between selflessness and self-deprecation. Fighting instincts and urges, wanting to be perfect.

During the day eating bread and butter, at night eating forbidden fruit. Like Jonathan during his campaign, tasted the honey, my eyes brightened energized because her honey. So funny. Perplexed, what's next, backed into a corner. Bread and butter got my belly on swole, no control, headed to the coroner. What's forbidden, did I mention, made my life worth livin. I feel alive, bout to thrive, so privately within the privacy of my closet, I ask for forgiveness. What is this?

Faced with a choice, feel like Peter on the roof, seeing a vision, hearing a voice carrying a message so sweet. Don't curse anything I've created, "Rise Peter, Slay, and Eat". Can't speak for Peter, but for me, don't care about what religious people think. I gotta do me.

Needing balance hoping for symmetry, searching the scripts with intent, believing the answer will come to me. For me, it's clear you see. Created in His image, no accident, made perfectly. Creativity and intuition, a learning machine, and master of the win-win.

broke(n) Churches

I get erked when I see worthless churches. As wreck-less like a ship without a rudder, Since when did you become a temple worshipping the god of the existential. Got em blockin my mental, you behind the times, we playin apps, y'all Duck Hunt and Nintendo. (Don't get it twisted, that's my shit tho). Enjoy the instrumental as we slow down the tempo, so we can bring healing to your temple. Truth is plain and simple. Out of the mouths of babes, we yelling, beggin, and pleading for them to behave. Afraid of the fate that might wait at the end of a Barrell of a tool in the hands of a tool. Who thinks the law is on his side. But the blood cries out from the ground. The courts say no guilt can be found.

Blind guides taking bribes, perverting justice and extorting the poor. Whatsmore, they themselves don't even know what law is anymore. After years of miseducation, like 50, I been learning and patiently waiting, yearning for an opportunity to expose the hypocrisy. Media sensationalism, tone, and diction, causes division and friction between the masses, create concepts like "race, crime, and hate", to keep us from thinking about class, and asking the real question. "Where them dollas at?

Cave after Carmel

Overcoming fears, shed so many tears. Putting it all on the line. Thrown into the furnace time after time, guards died, but I'm just fine. Escaped death, but in a sense, my innocence was taken. See things as they are. Made it rain fire in front of liars. But true freedom for my people is what I desire. Ran away to a cave. Ministered to by an angel. The only one who could help me confront the pain. Severed and burned bridges, of those who were cool with how they were living. But I can't make it alone, got pieces of a brain, scarecrow, going insane, and parcels of truth.

Like a skilled surgeon, the angel helped me see the truth. Reconnecting the corpus Collosium. Left and right connected, play out narratives rejected, bring healing to those who have been infected, gave it my all, cornerstone, was the best, but the builder rejected.

Confronted assumptions, book of Eli in my hand and in my heart. Cling to the Word, tuned out what I heard, so I can know for myself with out a shadow of doubt.

Been through the fire, escaped the flood, the one thing to which I cling, the transformative power which is/was/ and always be the power of the blood. The power of love. A still small voice, a real choice, not the minimized illusion of options.

No longer suicidal, cuz life's eternal. I died to that old life without a reset, glorified body, yeah I'm fresh to def.

Equipped for war, can no longer ignore, the cup of his wrath is about to be poured . The wealth of the wicked...yeah, we want that. Free our black men, with opportunities for a fresh start. To live and love, and do their part, and perfect justice for those whose wickedness is in their hearts

Happy Life

I was taught to stay out of grown folk bidness and advise you to do the same.

Box of Crayola's

John the Baptist, this cat is, pave the way, penned lyrics from the page to the stage. No weirdo, it's clear though, that you bout that life especially After the Music Stops. Life after death, born again, tell a friend, to tell a friend, no casket drop. They say it's Christian, I just see Christ portrayed through Hip Hop.

Real Talk, you set a spark as I followed your journey. My struggle, your struggles. Praying that He take me as I am. Tired of living a lie, small fry trying to be perfect. People want to pigeon hole and control, so I had to Rebel. wanted to be a part of His story, for His glory, so I set sail. Burned the ships, had to think quick. Man in the mirror, dealing with Indwelling sin. So desperate, to live free world want me to die hard. Wolves in Sheep's clothes on guard want me to go left. Thought I had oxygen, nah, I was breathin to death. What's left?

Slave minds, miseducate and enslave minds. Looking for the truth, need proof, so hard to find when Blind leading the blind. Nah, not mine, I ain't got that kinda time. Got no choice, embarrassed, but I got to take a stab. Sin worse than crack, Checked myself into rehab. At first we were cliqued up forty deep, after Mount Carmel, in the cave I thought it was just me. Tired of loosing my years to the merciless. Seeking for approval, left me broke and broken. Cleaned up my house, didn't fill it, stronger adversaries broke in. Gave it all up, left home. need peace, took a pilgrimage, Kingdom Kid, searching for the New Shalom. Felt alone and isolated. I'm no Sapp, had to Reconcile, Lord knows, I, never would have made it.

Thought Gravity was pulling me down, cuz my world was turned upside down. Entered a new dimension, did I mentioned, perspective corrected. Like a puppet with too many Strings. False Chippetto's, want me to live life in False Setto. Oh Hell no! Heaven Yes. Now Ima Tell the world from Missouri to Mali with my Muzik, Big Sean, I've been Blessed.

Gave away my church clothes, had me feeling naked and vulnerable. Trying to keep warm in this Cold World. An anomaly, just want them to respond to me. Don't want the stage, afraid, cuz I love my autonomy. But I been trained to run my race, pass the baton ta me. Ready to testify, third degree. Escaped the fiery furnace no third degree. Bachelors, Master's, I serve the Master, no need for a Third Degree.

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So complex sitting in the Kia looking at the complex. Mount Moriah, can't deny, the hardest thing I've ever had to do. His beautiful face, I knew the disgrace, and the labels I would have to face. Emotional tug, the enemy made it plain, "I de-clair-war". Refused to submit or ignore. I've been here before. If it were just me and mom, I would just go along singing that tired ass song. "Hi, Ho, Hi Ho, it's off to work I go". Even though I could see the sun, feels like I'm underground, Fraggie Rock cuz I couldn't feel the son. Am I the only one? Born into a system that sends you on a suicide mission. Work til you die. 2 vacations a year and you'll never thrive. Birthday's a joke. Cake and Coke. Seeing others celebrate makes me want to grab a rope. I'm no dope! Where's the hope. Interest rates, taxes, licenses, and insurance schemes, got me feeling like an ineffective puppet with so many strings. Draining my resources, of course it's a chore, piss or get off the pot, but This cancer I can't ignore.

I got a son who I want to look up to me. I can't teach him to be a slave, that's not the way it's supposed to be. But it hurts cuz I just want him close to me, so instead of sacrificing you, I took the knife and sacrificed me.

The Tower

Tower of Babel, people working on one accord, nothing we couldn't do or afford, because we loved the Lord. Brick by brick, working to rebuild the temple. Used to be so beautiful, so majestic, but we were sinful. We built this thing with blood sweat and tears. Rejected all fear, one mind, one vision, so we could see clear. Once built, unstable, two-legged table, Russian into an arms race on stilts. Couldn't keep the monster on the leash, thought the Tower was the source of power, not ours. No longer the 2nd King in 2013 I learned from Hezekiah to keep invaders out of your treasury. Or even better, Nubuchandezzar, to King Saul, Sadaam Housein, when you build statues to yourself, you and they are sure to fall.

Counter cultural, absurd like the Stranger. Put yourself and your money on a pedestal, your in for danger. Tired of playing the Lone Ranger, I'd rather be Tonto. Can't front tho, to bring the world back together, we have to stop building vertically, and build horizontal.

New Covenant

Ye Sir it's open season! The Year of Jubilee, marital Amnesty! Suffering silently letting you kill yourself, cuz I promised when I was...til death. If we're both honest, we just want life. don't want to tarnish our separate, and joint reputations, so grateful for the healing we accomplished together. We know the truth, but death a way too high of a price to pay so I sacrifice me.

Go off the grid, reincorporate, leave breadcrumbs for Hanzel and Grettle and all of those who are exponentially blessed all those who bless. Those who curse, push their own reset buttons. Going back to Gentlemen Games, Super Mario Brother's, Duck Hunt, Nintendo. Unplug from the system. Invest in high/low tech.

As for the rest, it's open season, for no other reason. The borders never close.
Keep your mouth closed, let the real God work.
BT Shades will get you paid, free from sin, and slavery cuz of the lamb that was slain!

No Absolutes

Take care of yourself

Discover all of the God given gifts you have

Choose to see the God in everyone no matter how much it hurts

Adapt to your situation without becoming complacent

Know that I am always going to have your best interest in heart even if it means hurting you, cuz I love you enough to do it.

I love you enough to take your shots, but gently knock you the fuck out, but restore you as I see you understand that you hurt me and you can't do it again, or leave you alone.

But in a pinch, I have already felt a tug so strong, it won't be long hold on, help is on the way.

My favorite sisters, I'm Brave enough to that Him on, He's strong, but with your help, were stronger, because of your support, held my arms up longer, than any other contender, if this doesn't work, I wAnt a reset, Better yet, to feel so intense!!!! you held me up. I'm just the bridge!

It's open season, Welcome Girls To Texas, Get it How You Live!!!!

Tippin the Tightrope

We both exchanged our cars for a spaceship. A faith trip, razor thin margins when so much on the line. Star Trek, using what we learned to prepare the way for the next generation. Reading the book of John and Luke, healing through truth, she Pick Hard, at my wounds and Scars, don't mean to, didn't even know what happened. But I know her heart is to protect my heart, her scratch removed my scars, that's why she can Captain. Before, had to tune out and ignore, emotional triggers, that belittle, and emasculate, 2.5inch guillotine decapitate, they call it circumcision. Emotionless, supreme logic, understanding, and vision. Potent, focused, energy provided the power to overcome the enemy. Not white, not black, not him, not her, not ism or lan, not class, not culture, not socioeconomic status, when I examined all the data, there was only one common denominator...

Me.

I was, the problem

I was, the limit

I was, broke

I was broken

Drew the line at hopeless

Til a brown brother chose to stand up and show wat hope is. I'm hope's kid!

Burning bush, alter of incense, removed the chains from my Dutch Master. Son of Kush, had to die to my old way of stinkin thinkin. Here to make a Proclamation for all enslaved to walk away like Lincoln. I tore down the idol of "I was"

When I was confronted with the "I am."

Pool of Bethesda, no excuse, Don't care about Angels stirring water, I want the truth. Been searching for Messiah since my youth. I'm ready to pick up my mat. Even dogs get to eat the scraps, mustard seed buried deep in the earth. Nothing but darkness, the walls are caving in, but at some point, enough, is enough. Old life terminating, having to face my darkest of fears, shed so many tears, now I see clear, hurt, thought I was in hell, in isolation, the penitent sitting in isolation forced to repent, blessed with grace from the heaven sent. Accepting refugees,

careful integration. This doesn't sound like German's hating? Step back, look at facts, with no strings attached, the lashes on my back, allowed me to break free, so grateful for germination. So Blessed is the German Nation, such great faith, an oasis for the refugee. But back to we.

Shed my gluttonous way. Tired of crawling on the grown. Tired of crawling on the ground of the pyramid. Focused on my next fix. Want to change the world before my exit. Some been given low targets, others no targets at all. The problem occurs, when hurtful words are planted. Like a monkey on my back, that will always point to the fact, that I'm Human. I made a mistake. I took a chance and was stimeied. While I fell, I would never let that set back define me. But because you care, may think my vision impaired, safety nets suffer tension, every time they catch. Watch next, overdrive all the time, can't grow, afraid to choke, cuz you are the "Always something there to remind me". Got strong faith that came from you. Now it's time for Baby bird to fly the coupe. Trade in the minivan and sedan for a coupe. But it was because of you. Thank you.

Free Agency

Free Agency finally me, finally free, like a graduation, time for celebration, let's not hasten or ever go back into slavery. You did your best, withstood the test, welcome to free agency.

Before, limited choice. Yes sir, no sir. Very little voice. Listened, told to be have, do this, do that, act this way. I listened and learned the game. Kinda strange. Graduated and looked for new teachers. Said so long to headstrong preachers to follow tried and true believers. Head washed with oil, no more Irish Springs or Lever, 2000 sheep been counting because these questions and pressure in my brain is mounting. It's time for a new fountain. But Ima do my best leave out on top, so that when I'm MVP, you'll be in the hot seat given the third degree, truth burns worse than 3rd degree, like they never hear of me. Worriedly, they put me in harms way. Sending me to the Philistines, I conquered them Giant's, don't care about a ring, I want my Reign!

Book of Books

In the Book of Books, exist a major division. History, Law, Philosophy, and the stories of those who escaped the fate of existentialism and dared to be great. The Heroes of old. Those who lived lives worth being retold. The morals and lessons, help determine our morals and blessings. Tryna sin less until I'm sinless no stressin. The Matriarchs and Patriarchs paved the way. Learned from their lives saw them decapitate Giants. True Sovereigns, following the Sovereign. Free trade, no slaves, everyone did what what right in their own eyes. Privacy was the key, until they allowed the enemy within to sell our kin to the enemy and left them without. Without a doubt refugees led to the diaspora. Families separated, disaster capitalism, cultural genocide, but truth is truth, can't build Kingdoms on a foundation of lies. But what's done is done. Time to repair. Remove the middle men from out of our communities and remember how to share. One can put a thousand to flight, but 2 ten thousand. It's plain you see. Remove the sinful word me, exchange it for we, and experience the awesome power of synergy. No man is an island, can't tell who to trust. So we blindly submit to corporations whose best interests aren't us. Time to wake up!

Abnegation Temple

Welcome to Abnegation temple
Where the rules are quite simple
Trust us with your mental
Don't worry about what you've been through
Confess what what we confess
And blindly serve the god of the existential

Dichotomy

They call me a monster, they call me a thief. Smile in my face, use me up, constantly trying to put me in my place, but they choose the wrong seat. The meek shall inherit the Earth. With their words they curse by limiting, what could be cuz they can't see. Vision blurred, Camus, the Metamorphosis, man turned into a cockroach, it's absurd. I clung to every word. Broke camp, they did great without me. No love, shoulder shrug for those who doubt me. New life, new city, new identity. Rebranded, old friends couldn't stand it, as I created my own entity. Made a lot of enemies of those claiming to be friends. Shared my heart from the start, trying to be a spark, I knew their hearts, cuz I listened.

The pain so intense, the disappointment so immense. With their words, they cursed the heaven sent. I have nothing but indifference for them, no need to repent.

The hurt and the anger, the fear of danger, Camus the Stanger, had to come to grips with myself. Put pride and other people's assumptions on the shelf. It was mandatory, I know the scripts, others on trip, I gotta write my own story.

want a Black?

Yeah, I want a Black n Wild
Yeah, I want my blackend child
Yeah, I want Blackened Style
Feelings so incredibly immense
So potentent, over quotient, so intense,
Thank Gawd for my Black n Mild

The Golden Rule:

The one with the gold makes the rules

Black Man

Black Man, Black man,
What the haps, latest trends, don't worry about the facts

Dance, sing, entertain....
Talk about money, nah that's strange
Let me maintain you
Money is danger, let me hang you, ugh
I mean don't get hung up on yo ends
Let me watch it, we're friends, for pretend
As long as you keep extending my ends

Mr. Marlon

Wake up dad, it's me Nemo. I'm back. I know you were scared, and though I thought I was unprepared, but now I want to share all of your lessons that helped me se clear.

You refused to let me become are of what others knew about me. I worked hard to hide this intense feeling that Something was different.

Upon my return, Became startled to learn, the that man I left, was a shell of himself. Quarter Truths and short sighted assumptions. Didn't want to hear about anything. Just wanted to reflect on times past, while the present was anything but, and depressing and sad.

I've overcome my disability, let me help you with yours. I've ivercome PTSD, and will handle that burden no more.

Pen, Paper, text, I need to Right,

Thoughts racin, dictation, she say dis dick taste amazin, wait, off track, matter of fact, I'm in the wrong station. Lost in a foreign land. Dirty Beaches, rough course sand. Crossing the burning

sands, into the belly of the beast.

False Power, have no fucks to give, heretics don't listen. Send buffoons and goon squads, misrepresent Justice. In cuffs on the curb, just want my privacy, don't know what the fuss is. This bruit took a bite of the forbidden fruit. Bit the wrong one. Searched for weapons, it was clear Johnny Law had no idea, my mind was the gun, fully loaded one in the chamber. He'd been doin it so long, turned off his Spidey Sense that yelled, "Danger, Danger". Sorry Will Robinson,

There's nowhere to run. Nowhere to hide. Digital footprint, the privacy you failed to protect will be your demise.

Blind guides, leading others to their demise.

You opened the doors to the furnace, the one was within, was the one without, escaped, without a trace, so I'm never without.

Can't help but be reminded of some officials in Babylon. Put their faith in the wrong god, they were dead wrong.

The Platinum Rule:

Know your boundaries, and treat others the way they wanted to be treated within your boundaries

Educational Irony

Labels and mental shortcuts, divide and simplify, sanitize, and chop down to size, something exponentially stratified. Run the test, got the proof, but they still not satisfied. Linear thinking got the sleep on the Mind of a genius, no one's ever seen this. Spending 180 days to teach me something simple. Forced to sit in a class write notes, bored as hell, hard to tell, cuz your a zombie. Listless, tasteless, lessons, got me stressing, if you make me feel stupid one more time, Ima tell you something.

Subtle jabs at my culture, knock me down and insert your authority. You assume because I'm brown, you treat me like I'm a minority. In reality, you work for me. Yeah, check the net, pay respect, mom's check goes to taxes. That's the fact. True authority is given by the consent of the people, what an irony.

Mamma's boy, Son of Man

Who is the Judge? The Judge is God, you have to listen closely, hopefully you'll be able to hear the truth and separate the fraud. He say.....

She say..... Can I get a whiteness?

Not so civil court, hopefully we can keep this private, work out a solution as to not cause pollution, cause I (can't take/just wish for) (this/some) silence. Besides, let's not get it twisted, this isnt that Major, I rather have your privates. Trust me, I'm a knockout, a boxer, let me review your briefs, I'll be brief, word play set the stage, dinning at your table so sweet. But I gotta draw the line, you gettin out of line, sound like Ricky Riccardo, "Lucy, what you do this time?"

Rational explanation and conversation won't work. She doesn't understand that I know that loving her means getting hurt (frequently), but that's why she freak with me.(frequently)

Snowed Inn

Cold outside, environmentalist got me questioning global warming, seemed so alarming, thoughts swarming. Was told Cold War was over, tell the truth, give proof, Cold shoulder. Taste of this sobering drink called life, so trife what does it mean. A sense of duty, truly, when white lies are as white as propaganda, Can't stand ta, see the people lied to. Now I have to hide too, because I refused to hide truth?

An American Refugee, from the land of the free...we've gotten off track seriously. I'm White! I guess I relinquished my "privilege" when I relinquished information that's only for the privileged. I did something for the people. But instead of being a Hero, labeled a traitor, charged with treason, left everything I loved to stand for what I believe in. Thought the Cold War was over, I guess that's why I feel so, Snowed In.

Shoe Fetish

Today I noticed the darnedest thing,
As I observed the wise old King
Upon reflection, and without rejection, he became aware of something unsettling

You see the crazy thing about the wise old King
Is that his shoe felt loose. His initial response was to jump to conclusion.

He spent a lot of time finding the perfect fit
He went through hell, to find a pair of the heaven sent.

You see he knew value couldn't be defined by dollars spent, oh no, not for the heaven sent.

Like Cinderella, this wise ol fella, tried on a bunch of shoes. Purchased quite a few, but
something's you don't know until you know.

But when you take the time to find the perfect fit, it more than divine, it's confidence, that heaven
scent.

So when the perfect fit from the heaven sent is not so perfect. I don't blame you, because you
are perfect. You didn't get your scuffs and bruises til me. At first I was sad you see. But I'd
rather be on your feet than on the shelf, or on the foot of someone else.

The reason see, is that the shoe made room for me. My bumps and bruises. I embrace your
bumps and bruises, because that's me and I am you. I thank God you see, and glad fully
submit, to the unknown gadgetry. End the end, let's not pretend, so glad to have a shoe, with
Strings attached.

Anti-thesis

I felt pushed, so I ran away. A great escape, a chance to test your words so blessed, and I got to do it my way. Still the same core, but now all of these jewels I adore. All I want to do is throw them on the floor. I give you praise, you are the one I adore. No need to seek validation, I've tried and tested your patience, that's why I am so grateful, that your grace is so amazin. Now I can't be fazed, except for your gaze. I just want to put our pearls together, My greatest desire, is to understand and forgive. I know Grown kids returning home to grown parents, we can seem like the anti-Christ. My heart is love, so I chose to be the Anti-thesis.

McFly

Marty McFly wise guy, small fry, gotta peek into the past 85 I-70 Series, Straight outta Kaufman. Castle on the Hill, 18th & Vine. Trapped between 2 worlds. Building bridges from the past with on ramps in the present, escorting you to the future. Go back and forth, just don't rock the boat. Go back and forth through time. The science teacher turned preacher tore the wormhole and exposed the black hole.

He Might Just be...

Smile and laughs
Smart, and thoughtful, considerate, and loving
But He might just be...

Lazy is not he
Rarely sleeps, figures out the best way to please me. I know he loves me despite me..just to be safe, I proceeded cautiously
Cuz He might just be...

Everything I've always wanted, knows how to take a jab, and return a taunt, not afraid to flaunt, never afraid to take center stage, but prefers being in the background, you have to respect that, He might just be

I can tell He's been hurt before, no matter how he wears his clothes, can't hide his scars anymore. I can feel his pain and silent rage, for the moment He's ok, but sometimes I swear He might just be...

Body strong, mind weak, seeking affirmation in corporate matters, cubicles. Taxing at every station. "Baby we need a vacation. Just you and me, don't base "us" on how much you makin. He can't hear me, it might be too late who knows
he might just be

I know deep down that he is a King, my knight in shining armor, as silly as it may seem. Someone's trash is another's treasure. Love is much more than something that can be measured. I know what I see, I believe what I believe it's that simple.
He's trapped in his mind, I just have to clean the windows.

PiccaRoman

There is nothing picturesque about living in abnegation, so the kid set out to write his own picaresque. Been so blessed, passed the test. Glossed over Pangloss' puffed up ignorance. The Sophomoric tool slid his tool into the wrong spool, ended up with Syphilis. Exchanged his teaching for the Homie Jim. Black skin and the label Nigger, allowed my Nigga Jim to blend in. They underestimated, the seemingly uneducated descendent of slaves. I escaped. Like Huck, got to my funeral. But I still got a few to go.

Had my chance to escape on several occasions. But kept being drawn back to those left behind who were still slaves. Bought into the lies. No disguise, and no surprise. I bit the fruit. Instead of Samson, I was Gregor Samsa. Bearing the burden unnecessarily. Turned this man into a fattened cow slowly being slaughtered. Truly absurd, fuck what you heard, I gotta take care of me. Last chance for a great escape. The hurt and rejection left my heart cold. Meursault was me, looking to assault anything that offended me. Discovered everyone was too busy to pay attention. Mind sober, getting colder, Raskolnikov made up his mind and hit the pawn broker. Found out they only leveraged my number. If that's the case for heavens sakes, I'll never have to worry about hunger. Labels are fables. Used to make characters static. Got no time for played out lines, I'm bout the pragmatic.

Canonized, no surprise, on social media, never said Suicide, just giving up my old life. I've done it several times before. This time just announced it before I go on tour. But fools rush in with arm chair judgements. Suicidal thoughts in their hearts, the society that craves blood. No longer care about what they think, because it's me that I love.

The Most High God

To be blunt and Without faltering, I love fellowshiping with my true family as we sacrifice the burnt offering. The aroma so intense, like medicine, that heaven sent. It helps me connect and see through, the artificial division. I can see your point of view as it helps me connect and listen. Hard to be mad at you when I realize that I can't do it alone. Forces me to confront my assumptions deeply imbedded. So bold, I guess that's why they call it a stronghold. Lips used to be unclean until the burning coal touched my lips. Glowing hands of the angel passed the coal with the clip. The temple filled with smoke, at first I choked, now I hear, I can see clear. I hear, who should I send. At first I pretend not to hear. I search for someone else, don't want this burden on myself until it becomes clear. That it was a setup, for the first time I can see. "Who shall I send? Who will go for us? Reluctantly, I spoke up and said "send me." The White horse, Samson, the Judge. Lyrical miracles, spittin Fire, but they don't want to hear it tho! Following the master, pointing out those whose hands are stained with blood. 1 half of the eschatological twins. Spittin fire, sharing truth, letting liars expose liars. Setting the captives free is my desire. Im bout to go higher.

Coons Can

Yo, me personally, I don't drink, a couple sips, then a slip, lead me to a QuikTrip to the sink,
lemme take a second to think, I can't but you beta believe
Some Coons Can

I got brotha's on the street slang in that heat, packin, strapped with the heat so baby daughter
can have some heat. I ain't bout that life, but trust...
Some Coons Can

I know mamma's getting her subsidies, workin two jobs, going to school, and being all her
Sister's baby daddy, that's the way it had to be. I wouldn't want to do it, but you've proved that
Some Coons Can

I got my intellectual types trapped between worlds. My enunciation and diction somehow is an
indictment or or gives you the right and unspoken permission to be the judge on all things black.
Being shunned by your community, like an all out munity, words like booshie, and stuck-up,
because I want better!!!! On the other hand I know that I am in a world that's not my own.
Entrance Exams, Sallie Mae, and arrogant professors. I'm an outsider, tired of assimilating,
watering down my couture and heritage, patiently waiting. I know I'm not alone, the race is not
given to the swift, or to the strong, hold on cuz
Some Coons Can

Disenfranchised and excommunicated. Those who you called "family" turned they back on you.
With the bang of a gavel, world turned upside down. Thought she was loyal until she knocked
up by yo homie. Trapped in a cell like an animal, it's dog eat dog, where they turn men into
animals. Some become cattle, others cannibals. Upon reintegration, it's an uphill battle, cuz you
got common sense, but emerged in a world where it ain't so common. everybody assume...cuz
I'm not out of shape, it's a dead giveaway. But, I believe in the God of second chances, I'll take
my chances, do what I gotta do responsibly cuz
Some Coons Can

Black Zuckerberg (pV&T)

What would the Black Zuckerberg look like? What about the Black Bill Gates or Steve Jobs Felonies, Degrees, entrance exams, unions, financial aid, just tryna get paid and bring jobs. Did everything I could, still labeled a fraud. Black Zuckerberg is everywhere, in separate and unequal schools. Forced to become a lion(ness) making a nest in the Jungle. Forced to be humble, Right/Left brain ripped away. Had to listen pay attention to those with missing parts. Keeping mindful of the desires of my heart, respecting others boundaries, accepting them for who they are, no judgement. No assumptions, just love for the God in them. They are reaching their goal, want to bless them at worst, keep my mouth shut, eye's focused, no sin. Learning through failing forward. The safety net is strong. Take courage, pay attention to your cues, keep your mouth shut. Question everything silently. Black Bill Gates is everywhere, trapped in cages. Substandard housing, dirty water, 2 hots and a cot, a cubicle, the hustle, the grind. The one who realizes that they are their own shine. Unique in everyway. Continuing education, degree from the struggle. Respect yourself, Respect others, Respect the Hustle. Respect the Grind, build your Muscles, Mind your business. Get it How you live, Can I get a witness!? They won't listen, they won't believe, had to do what I had to do, grind, roll up my sleeves. Do whatever it takes, for heaven sakes, ain't much worth Savin, running out of funny money to take the pain away. No one understands, cuz their hurting too. But I have firmly decided that I am strong enough for me and strong enough for you.

Black Steve jobs is everywhere, the one's who've made it, but secretly and 0 pride, took their own accomplishments, laid them to the side. Secretly, in secrecy, blessed and invested in whom they've elected, to be all that God has them to Be. God's Army. She's Never lost a passenger, no matter how far they wander. Praise be to the God of All Wonders, who moves mountains, their silent gaze, booms louder than thunder. Walking on water, no falter, because she is above and below, so you're never really under. Always give praise and honor the one who takes a dry desert, and makes it rain!

Perhaps Black Zuckerberg wore a hoodie

Perhaps playing on a playground, or the parents of my brother last name Brown

We'll never know for sure cuz all too often gunned down

Or instituted, talent, no substitute, city off the wrong fruit. Genarlo, stolen time, just tryna have a

good time, your not forgotten

Time for time, esteem for esteem, ya pockets Finna be swollen. For those guilty of injustice, we Finna bust that colon wide open. For the others, this is your time, consider this a pre-ipo, put your money on the line. Did ditches dig trenches, get it how you live!

Perhaps black Gates, mind all over the place, struggling between providing, meeting her expectaions, and keeping her safe, all too often from herself. You could figure it out, with out a doubt, if you had some time, some sleep, food, head, sex, peace, for your peaceof mind. We'd be fine. Everywhere you go, everyone asks for a piece of mine, taking a chunk of your soul.this shits outta control. Something gotta go, I mean, This cat's running low on his 9, but I believe, roll up my sleeves, and be the best, everything that she needs me to be.

Perhaps Black Steve jobs is in your phone? On your social media, big Mamma network, tougher than Google Chrome. He/She makes movies and music. To provide you cues on how to do it. Free your mind, push rewind, turn back the hands of time, decreased waistline, working on my hair line, grapevine, connected to the source. Not kiss and tell, just be careful what you watch, when you know, settle in and exhale!

The King Never Died

The Machiavellian Mystery, The Warchers, the Heroes of Old, The Old Souls, The Dreamers who within them have a King! They thought it ended with a bang on the Balcony at the Loraine in Memphis. Electroshock electrified the People, guess that's why it popped off a t Watts. The King saw something that many were not ready to see. Being judged by the content of my character, serving God only, true sovereignty. No apologies. No need to search for validation outside. Serving the King is my reward.

Baby Lynch

Stood back and watched her steadfast and unloveable while others gash and flinch, with every crack of the whip. Community watch another Black Man get lynched, when every body turned into zombies getting used too swing slain bodies. King Herod, Willie Lynch, and Pharaoh, still live, killing black men, not even trying to pretend, make excuse even with infallible proof. Make demands rather than make amends. Ran away to make a better way. But when the dynamic is ripped away, like the corpus Collosium severed. Force me to die, to the lies, inside and out, until I found out what true love was all about.

Free from community imposed expectations
Free from fear of social sanctions
Free to make mistakes
Free to live a life of no regret
Free to be judged by the color of my character
Free to not be limited by thought or deed
Free to unapologetically love the complex, simple, me.

Fuck a Feminist

This isn't for the mass, but for those who need a break, step back and get a laugh, a reprieve if you will, from the play'ed out narrative from heretics who fear a strong woman.

You see, I've had my ass beat, learned to navigate the streets, itchin and burning, like a crackhead yearning for a taste of that sweet..sweet. Let me repeat...

You see, I've had my ass beat, learned to navigate the streets, itchin and burning, like a crackhead yearning for a taste of that sweet..sweet...

I've been wrung through the ringer, tell me have you seen her, what do I have to do to get her to like me!!!!

Do I need to wear Staffords, Cortez' or Air Forces. Tommy Hilfiger, all I know is watchin you walk got my dick getting bigger.

Can't focus, got me wanting to spend my dollas, but I'm broke as fuck, Marvin Gaye, "Make me wanna Holla".

What do I have to do to get a glance, a single moment for romance.

Nah, Fuck a feminist...

Equality with me would bring you down to my level. You are Mother Earth. I'm just a rock hurling through space. Steadily being pulled by the enormity of your gravity. It's a tragedy, that it had to be, life after death, so I can't be Sadducee. It was written in the stars. We were million miles away, but I never gave up. Oh to drink from your cup...I know I'd never thirst again.

You give me significance as you rarely get in between me and the S-N. You let my light govern you in the darkest of nights. And are bolder and strong enough to give me the cold shoulder, when my presence isn't required. But my gravity is strong too! Spring and Neep got yo tides soakin them sheets. Solstice and Equinox for epochs, I'm overwhelmed by the enormity of your

gravity.

Fuck a feminist

With your Orbit got me dazed and confused Like Norbit, you don't want me to be you, and you don't want to share...It's gravity. You are strength power, supreme consciousness and intuition, I'm just a little boy wondering...

What do I have to do, to get a glance, or a single moment for romance.

You see, I've had my ass beat, learned to navigate the streets, itchin and burning, like a crackhead yearning for a taste of that sweet..sweet. Let me repeat...

You see, I've had my ass beat, learned to navigate the streets, itchin and burning, like a crackhead yearning for a taste of that sweet..sweet...

I've been wrung through the ringer, tell me have you seen her, what do I have to do to get her to like me.

I want true intimacy, not a sense of duty. Im the Lion King, a pirate, R. Kelly feelin on yo booty.

The thought of equality with me is a bit unsettling

Fuck equality, I recognize and submit to your supreme sovereignty. I want to make love and bust heaven wide open. That's why I could only

Fuck a Feminist

Colored Fountains

Here's a solute to those who heard the truth. Held it down, while others had to act a fool and clown. Some of the other brothers were taken away to discover a different drink. Water from mountains and Valleys, in additions to hose and sinks. Praying for each other, both hoping one day to discover, that the truth would be the proof to lead them back to one another.

Some had to drink dirty water, some died of thirst. Some fought and rebelled, and laid in a Hurst. But you took the water and put in cucumbers, berries, and lemon. Antioxidants, natural detox for epocs. Now you are stronger than all others. SeeKing, the Truth, with infallible proof. Whites Only is kinda lonely. One flavor to savor. The Colored fountain has all different flavors, and all different colouours. Natural minerals, filtered through the gushing spring. Villagers everywhere, take the pilgrimage in an attempt the mount their horse and climb that mountain, a getaway, a great escape, to the Colored Fountain.

Second Adam and Lily

New name, new game restoration. Leap of faith, hurt feelings, confusion, but no disgrace. Adam and Lilith couldn't come to terms. Complacent and impatient, he wanted a servant, she was perfect, separate ways, exit stage, she had to do what she had to do. Found a bad boy filled with half truths. Adam so lonely by himself, no love from his homies. Through prayer and supplication, and creative imagination, God created

Noah's Arch

Move quickly! hurry hurry, don't delay,
The Circle maker, no faker, Elijah, don't deny a.

In the past, makes one laugh, the mahogany pillars had been closed as God had promised not to make it rain. The ground cracked, and shriveled, as the rain stopped coming down. Sales dipped, the court reporter read back the judges order. "Until you do right by me..."

Silent omissions, seemingly hopeless prayers in repetition, why won't he listen. So much potential, so simple, but hurt lions, hurt lions. I'm not Lyon.

Gave up my multi-faced life, cuts and jabs take this polished jewel and treats it as a diamond in the rough. I can't imagine how tough.

Wanting understanding and autonomy. Not being confined by everyone else's definition of what "being me" should be. What a travesty!

Parks and Recreation, tell me what station, I can't worry with small details when I am the back bone, so strong holding together this nation.

All this to say, is come to the Lou, we love women, and so will you!

Dear Mr. And Mrs. Ruffin,

This is Rob. I would like to apologize for the earthquake our actions have caused. To be brief, I am madly in Love with Love. I know that it is a tremendous honor to be considered a part of your family. I know that I was not in a position to fix my mouth to even...I knew that the only way that anyone could ask for your daughters hand is to be the Son of God. I've taken this challenge seriously. It would be an honor to share our story and our proposal to bring our families together. Thank you for your strength and prayers during this time.

Lion King

Lion King, The Damnedist Thing, the seeming ruler of all. But the Secret see, to His Majesty, is that he uses his roar judiciously.

He doesn't kiss and tell. With much restraint,
And no complaints, he is protected by his pride.

Some lions have small pride, because they are their pride. The Lion King has big pride. You can see it on the faces of the true source of his strength. Lonely lions tout and pout, and can't quite seem to figure it out. With one swipe, they cut their lifeline. Nameless, fameless, without a doubt. But enough about lonely lions.

Be wise and learn from the Lion King. Know the source of your strength, and one day you too will Reign.

Fix it Felix

Building a house brick by brick, see the wolf coming, that no one else sees. Didn't have much money, no one else could help. decided to be myself and stop blending in. They threw sticks, stones, drug mud, and covered in sand. hurt, definitely, took weapons meant to harm, repurposed to build my arc. The Big Bad wolf came to town and walk past our house. Others, lost it all. Neighborhood safe, for heavens sake, now Fix it Felix has no war...

Sibling Rivalry, child you see, division and contention, we were the cause of our own slavery. Refusing to settle matters on our own. Requiring judges from other planets, paying Auntie Sallie Mae for shit I learned from Mamma, Daddy, and Auntie, and Uncle, I'm stumped though. The Start of it all, the begging of the fall was, taking a chance, feeling shame, and not being able to forgive, let go and move on. Dead wrong, head strong, without a doubt, fuss and pout, cause earthquake, my world shakes, not just fractured, seemingly irreplaceably broken. I don't have much as a token. an old band aid, Im just prayin and know that I tear my self to pieces and give my all, that the Lord of all will put me back together as he puts all of us together.

So here I am, I know I have hurt many, for that I am supremely sorry. I was true to the cry of my heart. Unity, selective illusion of division. Worlds coming to get her, peace treaty, gravity.

Man on the Moon

They say I come from a different planet. When they see the way I dress, not impressed, but I could tell that I was different. Young Black Frankenstein, Daddy is the King, my mom is Mother Earth, Higgs Boson, and the reason that I sing.

I know what I am. I am the worm on the sidewalk, remembering days of side chalk. First grade, set the stage, turn the page. Don't mean to kiss and tell, but oh well...I'll be discrete and eternally grateful for this secret that week keep.

Pretty chocolate wonder, long eye lashes, natural hair, wasn't scare, didn't care, let me get back to class. I can't focus, my minds a wonder, she teachin math, I'm aghast,...

Talk about a pickle...

Do I follow my first love, or my first drug....

Selah, take your breath and let it marinate,
I can barely wait, an opinion from the wall fly, that patiently waited his time.

I ain't told you what I heard...I won't tell you what I don't know. I mind my business and respect others, and expect the same fa'sho.

All I know, is I've love many women who go by many different names. I fucked with many Mary's, made love to a lot of "Jane's". I've tried money, and power, and cars...and I've found this to be true.

To be blessed, don't stress. Listen, every day, she will pave the way, to your pot of Gold, do as your told. She is the truth. Watch the most successful of the youth, go all in, you can't lose. Can't hurt me, been hit by everything, permanent bruise. Now I know the truth, that's why I get to be, the man on the Moon.

Stream Of Consciousness

Im not sure why you love me. I was just a confused kid. Ever since I was born, I was being trained. Tony Lynne raised me and gave me an amazing foundation of emotional intelligence, counting, reading, and a strong spiritual foundation. I was put through a battery of physical and cognitive tests. I always have been given opportunities like the Talented 10th, and pulled out of Milton Moore regular classes so that I could learn chess and how to think. I've traveled the world and see that my perspective is just one of billions of plausible perspectives. But this isn't about me. This is about you.

I think about many of our encounters. You gave me a ton of responsibility, and have held me to a standard that I can't shake. I remember talking about Germany and the youth. I remember our trip to KC to snake your drain. You have always loved me. You have always been there. I understand that one day all will be revealed, but for now I will just write songs and plays, to do my best to share this amazing gospel. I know that Robert isn't my dad. You affirmed that accidentally. I don't know if you are my real dad or not, that, at this point, it doesn't matter. I just want you to know that I love you, and am so grateful for you.

The Worm on the Sidewalk

Once on my way to work, I saw a worm on the sidewalk. I didn't step over it, I didn't move it, I moved around it. After a few steps, I paused as I felt a sense of duty and guilt for not helping the poor worm. I have legs. I have an important job. The worm has to crawl along the ground. The poor fellow is probably trying to get to the other side. Besides, it's 7:30 in the morning. The sun is about to be stifling, not to mention what they say about the early bird. I resolved to do something.

I marched back to that worm with a sense of pride and duty. As I approached the worm, I began to see the enormity of my task. I became overwhelmed with questions. You see, the worm was perfectly in the middle of the sidewalk. I wanted to help get the worm to the other side, but I couldn't tell where he was going as he lie perfectly still. For to move him to the left could separate him from his world, or take away the adventure and lessons learned from traveling. So I paused and questioned my other assumptions.

The walls of my assumption came tumbling down as I began trying to see life from the perspective of the worm.

You see the worm wasn't moving. The air was crisp. The worm was in full view of all, but stemmed not to be afraid or in a rush.

I looked around and the grass was vibrant green. Perhaps in the underworld there are too many other worms and not enough soil to convert. Perhaps he had to fight and claw to get to the surface because he wanted to see the sun, and feel the warmth on his body.

Perhaps the worm was the wisest. For he had heard that on the surface it's dangerous. You will get trampled on, or eaten alive. On the surface, many have lost their lives and have never returned.

Perhaps the worm was calculating and knew what time the sun rose, and when the ground is the optimal temperature.

Perhaps the worm know that the birds were too sleepy and hunted and different times.

Perhaps the worm knew that there was very little foot traffic that time of day.

Perhaps the worm knew that creatures small and great are one

Perhaps that worm has more faith in his creator than I have in mine

Floored by the lessons the worm taught me, I considered my way.

Wisdom from the Worm:

Let me not step over you as to assume a position of authority and to block the sun

Let me not move you off the path as it is God's and you have just as much right to it as me.

Let me not make snap judgements and alter your world, and leave let well alone.

Let me have the faith of the worm.

Alas and did, my Savior bleed? And did my sovereign die. Would he devote, that sacred head,
for such a worm as I?

I will always question my assumptions
And do my best not to make judgements

Epilogue:

It's amazing how transformed I was by this. For most of my life I have been looking to play
judge. The problem is that I don't know and never will know. I can only do what's best for me
and mine.

Some step over the worm

Some move in front or behind

Some step over the worm

Some are oblivious and almost crush the worm

Some think about moving the worm

Others don't consider at all

House of Mirrors

House of mirrors, let me see clearer. Wanted the judge, but don't know where he at. Tired of lookin at tire'd's who couldn't inspire, and could never be, it's unsettling, I need a full body mirror, your a compact. I saw a little of me in you that's why you caught a contact, she want a contract, as a matter of fact. But let's get it clear. Compacts are good in certain situations. Great for looking a my face, grab the gloss and trace and melt the heart of stone and get me into the right place.

But a compact is a small mirror.

I need something that reflects the body I want, proud to flaunt, like the majestic peacock, with words unheard struts and stunts. Let me be blunt and clear up the air. This rumps, not for chumps, so buyer beware.

Vinni, Vitti, Vicci

Ooh waiting for the day, pave the way, no mistakes, second level Gicci

My French made, Benihana behind the stage, never afraid. I got you your body mirror, look close, get lost in the brown eyes, no disguise, Drop the costumes, tryna get into your womb, this old life and Ideas, I left in a tomb. They thought I was a worm, metamorphosis zed, thought I was drowning, clownin, I was baptized, still alive. the small fry, I still the small fry, a butterfly, a part of a happy meal, now I can be happy, Now I can be happy Peace, Peace be steel, Peace be still.

A body mirror places me as the judge. My love has no dimensions, fuck the pretention. I shoot for the best, my God I'm blessed, to find significance and see clearer. I learned to follow God, seeing myself, seeing God in you, building our own House of Mirrors.

My Resolution

After so much confusion, I decided to leave this world of prostitution. I thought it was love. But love didn't make me feel like this. Love no longer made me feel. Wanting you to love me, letting you push me past my boundaries. I'm so glad true love found me. Served as my mirror. Patient with me and help me see things clearer. Perfectly patient, mending my wombs. Changed my funeral clothes, and absorbed the punches. so hurt, so broken. didn't know who to trust. so hard to know who to trust once a heart has been damaged. Petite Apartide, Jim Crow, and Willy L, invisible monkeys on my back. Subtle jabs at my character and creativity. Cause my to fear my brothers and sisters, and cause anxiety. Mentally weak but strong as fuck. This last blow, was the last do, straw that is. I got kids. I will end you before you poison my progeny. Prison rules, you choose, but God gotme. Fuck with mine again, I can no longer pretend. Brig your old head down to the grave in blood, think it's a game

My Story is His Story

If my story is his story, why is my story so boring. Questioning the complacency of existentialism...

Nah, I want to be remembered in History

If that's the case, for heaven sakes, wake me up, this shit is alarming. gave up mine, and exchanged it for His, 30 year bid, did my time. Parole officer got me out on good behavior, 29 years no longer a slave. Upon reintegration, no id, a ghost. First things first, let's hit the strip club. Can't get in without my slave papers, or a Benjamin. No worries though, hit the Casino cuz my throat dry and getting a little sore. No fountains, so I hit the bar for a little drink. "Sorry sir, can serve you water without ID. I just got out the penn did time in Abnigation, tryin to ease my mind. But everywhere I go, the system is the to remind, if I want to go legit, I have to pay a heavy fine. You mind, body, and soul, they want it all. Everyone else is hurting there's no one else to call. Living on the streets, tryna dodge the heat, at the same time tryna get some heat, add fire, enough to ease my mind in these trouble times. Tired of vagrancy charges whenever company comes in. homelessness must be dirt under the rug, or the bones in the closet we call sin.

2 hots in a cot, much better 2 knots in my stomach. If Ima go down, I may as well clown, just for the hell of it. Baby mamma, not hear in a word, broke as a joke, other than my hand, I'm celibate. I got to make moves, no excuses. Do what I gotta do, handle my business. Respect others, love and serve. Be a light in the darkness, take it from the worm.

Shout out to those who paved the way, now I'm here to pave the way, open Heavens gates 2015 rapture, the great escape. Mustard seeds move rocks, but a tree moves mountains. Took a sip, drank from the cup, the spring of life is my fountain.

Mr. Peanut

Kingpin Pigeonhole, King soul, pride to the side, did without recognition, expressed your ideas through science, religion, art, they all play a part to the greatest mind. Got my degree from the Meek Mill, cost less than dating Sallie Mae, free from Chippeto's strings. The Silent King. Uncle Ben, Mr. Peanut, Sugar Bear, Mr Clean. Tucan Sam, taught us lemons used right are refreshing. Made pig linin taste more than fine, almost divine. So hard to let go, our symbol of hope, cooked with the most powerful ingredient. The pain from being limited to peanut, while others got the glory. Mama took the sacrifice and put sugar in it. Took corn, made cornbread, boys and girls, corn fed. Mamma got plump biscuits, dad full of forgiveness, and grace, can I get a witness! Get it how you live. Mammacita, grinded it rolled it out, fried it into a tortilla! I agree a. Megusta mid Maria's. My Island girls, straights and curls, anything but plain. Take a banana with her magic turns it to a plantain, makin it rain. Tryna make it plain. Wanna be in Ina's Garden, like coffee that she brew. Mahtsa Balls like the chicken noodle soup for the soul. Mamma Dean...Agape. I love you no matter what. My beautiful Giatta, beautiful artesian chibiatta. Sunny always shows her best side. No surprise. Salute, no substitute, Healing Queens.

All of this because of the Silent Sacrifice of the Lion King. Salute Mr. Carver

Daddy Spoon

Robert Grandad Freeman, Free Man, took boys and displayed without praise, how to be a free-man. This man, turned animal evolved into something more than a man, and more than an animal. Taught me how not to be split-brain, working solo is insane and imprable to maintain for eons. We give props for being "Pop's" for so many without pops, or when pops was hurtin and trippin. Wayans Brother's, taught me to stay strong be entrepreneurial, and love my mom and make her proud even when I don't see her. Just know she's there, just be prepared, because she even knows when you creepin.

Friday, Boondocks, you've paved the way and man an escape for young brothers to continue the way. Other's age not as gracefully, but it's great to see, a hero of the faith, live and love legendarily.

Cave after Carmel

Overcoming fears, shed so many tears. Putting it all on the line. Thrown into the furnace time after time, guards died, but I'm just fine. Escaped death, but in a sense, my innocence was taken. See things as they are. Made it rain fire in front of liars. But true freedom for my people is what I desire. Ran away to a cave. Ministered to by an angel. The only one who could help me confront the pain. Severed and burned bridges, of those who were cool with how they were living. But I can't make it alone, got pieces of a brain, scarecrow, going insane, and parcels of truth.

Like a skilled surgeon, the angel helped me see the truth. Reconnecting the corpus Collosium. Left and right connected, play out narratives rejected, bring healing to those who have been infected, gave it my all, cornerstone, was the best, but the builder rejected.

Confronted assumptions, book of Eli in my hand and in my heart. Cling to the Word, tuned out what I heard, so I can know for myself with out a shadow of doubt.

Been through the fire, escaped the flood, the one thing to which I cling, the transformative power which is/was/ and always be the power of the blood. The power of love. A still small voice, a real choice, not the minimized illusion of options.

No longer suicidal, cuz life's eternal. I died to that old life without a reset, glorified body, yeah I'm fresh to def.

Equipped for war, can no longer ignore, the cup of his wrath is about to be poured . The wealth of the wicked...yeah, we want that. Free our black men, with opportunities for a fresh start. To live and love, and do their part, and perfect justice for those whose wickedness is in their hearts

Angelic Adversary

For me, against me, I can't tell

So sweet so cute, carrying baskets of forbidden fruit. Halv truth's, and ambiguity, don't know if this is the lifeline or death of me?

Moving the fruit to my mouth, bout to take a bit without a doubt, and with one swipe, fruit takes a tumble. I went in for you, in spirit, now truth. Big mistake, for heavens sake, but an earthquake saved the day. Angry for being placed in this position. Integrity questioned, not bout this life, no longer guessin, the praying Mantis, gotta stay praying, Learned my lesson.

An angel or....my perfect adversary

I Often bringing the most beautiful Lilies, but from time to time, she brings Dandelions, without trying.

Darren Wilson

Darren Wilson, alive and well. That's what happens when murderers, and cover-ups prevail. Thought he left town. Disciples, misquoting Bible. But I got a cannon and an extra cannon. Pulled me over, took a week, just after my ship had landed. Right blinker gave you an excuse to ask for proof of my identity, not even drivin this is insanity. 4th amendment applied selectively, regretfully, the mass can't hear it. So, I'll be the giant mirror, the voice, the Janitor, Mr Clean windex your mirrors.

Trickle Down Economics

Fuck Trickle Down economics, dyin of thirst waiting for a drop.

I'm tryna make it rain.

The Others at Bethesda

At Last, after so long we've been waiting, Universal Precaution, check his airways. This one's a challenge. Sir, can you be quiet, we can tell you're off balance. Log roll, his words are really heavy. You can tell he's been carrying unnecessary burdens. But worse, his gun was still loaded, out of control and hopeless. The quick thinking doctor, with cool precision, sat back and let the dragon laugh and calmly said "intubate him". I won't tolerate this noise. This is my operating room. There aren't toys.

Sir relax, behave, you in good hands, she's the best, forget certification, word of our doctor's fame and craftsmanship is known to all Nations.

Men and women can't help but to give praises to the real healer. She's a real tough cookie. Making illness crumble. Woman of perfect patience, with her kindness, and intelligence, she has built a pipeline. But too much of her patience has been patients who who love their sickness. Her patience is growing thin as he refuses treatment and continues to get under her skin. Moved from the ICU to Isolation. Good Doctor, you did your best, some people don't want saving

First Class

First Class Nation with second class Citizens sounds reminiscent of a dreamer from a time long, long ago. The missing link hunted down, locked up, or made to bow. Lombroso called it atavism, Darwin called us Apes, Brother Africa, what's happenin brah. Saw our resources, our trade and brilliance. The arrogance created a narrative that created the "Planet of the Apes". But they couldn't resist her swag. That smile, skin color all shades

Warner Brotha

Warner Brotha's there were no others. Crumbled empires of liars, exposed their house of cards, stepping through shards. That's what happens when you stone others. Big Brother, FED by Mother, So surprised to see Chippetto on her strings, he think he the King, she Handin him the scissors, watching him trapped by his own strings. Snip, Snip, He tries to coverup with coverups. Snip, The tape disappeared, Snip or altered, Snip Snip keep sacrificing these black babies on your alter. Chippetto, got secrets that mamma, been keepin. Working late, business brunch... Initially, we had an understanding, but instead of filing lawsuits and being demanding, I let you keep fuckin that Bitch Privacy.

But, Privately, Privacy, and me, had our own meeting. We sat down and came to terms. Nigga you on Notice. Watch a mouth, Ima Keep it simple. Fuck with me If you want to... Take it how you want. It's all love just want to
Warna Brotha

Brother Africa,

For years I couldn't understand why you are Kings, picking the best of ours. When I peeled back another layer, I felt insecure because I knew you are a King. You Blacker the me, as far as I can see, in the most important ways. I felt obliged to put my pride to the side. In hopes he would share with me his mental.

Daughter, Current and Former wife taken care of, nothin scared of. Golf trips on private helicopters, not even a doctor, a thinking man, with a plan who taught me to understand.

You didn't have distaste for me. I was a slave with chains on my brain, but you took the time to see. I've felt this before, a hitch-hiker, jumpin ship, I've found the heaven sent, that will lead me to that heaven scent, it's like medicine, let me repent. Turn away from my wicked ways, give praise, give up my heart, open my mind.

He is a King, My Daddy is the King, so, So can I.

I want to thank you Brotha Africa for taking a chance. For not looking down on me, I was just a slave, fighting the enemy looking all around. When I looked all around, I almost drowned that the enemy was me.

My doubt, my fear, my confidence. Co-Dependent, from arm chair judge to defendant, jury what's his sentence.

Wait! Wait! can I get in a sentence.

I apologize for all the mothers that cried. Seeing Dady beat, strung up by a tree, burned to a crisp, caged like an animal, and fuck with his means to support his family.

Petite Apartide, Jim Crow, Willie Lynch, Zip Codes, IP Adresses and Social, what ever you want to call it. Unwittingly used to abuse And get into my wallet. Build the body, destroy the mind.

I'm beggin with no hesitation. We need our queens. We strong as fuck, but need you saving grace. It's a natural fit, with benefits.

Tip

Entitlement and privilege got you confused
Monkey wrench in the mental
Shame for tipping for shitty service yo,
You got it twisted kin folk
I no longer expect to be treated equally
Cuz it's plain to see
You believe in the false idol of your superiority
So, I'll make it easy
You don't have to worry about a tip
You don't have to worry about my patronage
I'm tryna make it rain to wash your crimson stain
But you want to be trifling walkin around with dirty napkins, call it a plague, got fly's don't know
what's happenin.

Rejecting the rain undoubtedly causes drought.
But don't come to me with tears on your cheek when you are going without.

Just a quick warning, don't mean to be alarming. You can accept or reject, I won't pout or
disrespect. No need to bring the check.
Just a tip...

Her Majesty

Her power is irrefutable. Her strength is unmatched. The most significant scientific advances are a result her fleeting sentiments.

She creates several games for you to solve while she builds her world. The rules of the game of the games have stayed the same. The rest is smoke and mirrors. It's so much easier just to listen to her. Cling on every word. Dive deep, before you hit the streets, or fly the coupe. She is the truth. And don't forget that for those who cross her, she loves enough to bury. She's pretty scary. When you love her, and her ways please you, you don't have to choose. You'll always have food, and a place to call home. You know you are never alone, keep pushing you, even when you think you grown, and I love and fearfully respect you for it.

One

The seed and the soil are one.

The seed comfortable potential, must die and surrender to the awesome power of the earth.

Let her nourish you. Only bless, be quit to confess, and understand that you are a mess that's been blessed to be even considered, to be planted, rooted, deep into Mother Earth.

Light Speed

People tell me to slow down, question why I move so fast, it's because I'm bout my father's business! Who's yo Daddy? Many of us don't know. I'm not talkin bout so-called dead beat dad's, I'm talking about those who are too willing to sell their soul and give up control of what they know to some corporation, ass backwards nation. Refusing hungry and thirsty people! Who are we!

Bro's Before....

Was willing to deal with the Jim in I. Chopped down and sharpened to i. Til you got to the point. Came to the conclusion, no longer willing to lose. Was willing to deal with the Jim and I. Chopped trees, til sharp as me. Took a leap, based on the Word. Renig, forgive, get it how you live. End the end, can no longer pretend, it's always been Gemini.

Forgive yes...

So long. Fare the well. You only saw yourself as the teacher, refused my gifts, did your best to sell me out, you were hell bent on being hell sent. Your sickness, self-inflicted, cursed everyone, cursed their gifts, refused to repent. Life so listless, don't see those that you've wronged, same sad song, the writing is on the wall, can I get a witness.

The judgement was your own. Born under your house. 3rd marriage, oops not yet, I attended the wedding. Other wives deserted, my mother you drained the life force out of. You are the lonely lion. I accommodated you! Your obesity,

Checkers and Chess

Some Cats play Checkers
Some Cats play Chess
The Cats that play the best
Are the Cats who watch Cats
play Checkers and Chess

Checkmate

What can I say, the Master is the Master. Bobby Fischer, Bobby Flay, mind blown, out the zone. Love you bunches. had to kick yo ass to prove who's Dad. The greatest of all time. It was fate, you did your best, I'm quite impressed, but I have to say, Checkmate.

Alchemy

Contemplating Alchemy on the balcony,

Take a breath, count to 3

My thoughts are swarming when I consider the enormity of this existence.

Since birth I was "melio-centric" the after formal education, I was fooled in to seeing

"Heliocentric". I thought I was the S-n. Until I realized that I'm not even a Quark. Sorry for being a dork, But for heaven sakes, I don't want to blow you bevel. So for now, I'll take a bow to the physicist, and keep it on the sub-atomic level.

Sometimes I feel like the nucleus. Being forced to be around other positive people, and those who don't add anything, but are just buffers. At first, it was amazing, but I find myself dreaming wondering about the stars.

But I'm afraid. I know I'm not really a proton. In fact I'm out of balance and making this nucleus polar. I heard about this...I think we're an isotope. Either I'll have to hide my potential and become be forced into being a neutron, or get as much as I can from everyone and launch into space. I know it will cause a shift, if you catch my drift.

Launching into space, I lost contact with many of the protons and neutrons, but still had connections. There were electrons flying in spaceships. They moved so fast. In the whirlpool, I got to see that these Stars look just like me. I quickly found that I had too much energy. I gave my energy which triggered another reaction. Now there was an opening and the Bigger Stars were free to go to another galaxy.

Impatient, I broke out of the 1s1 in search of my own...

Mend Fences

In the trenches, you learn that that the greatest weapon is the ability to mend fences, build bridges. No one wants casualty. All the innocent lives, eons of history, erased with a push of a button, based on a misunderstanding. Instead of judging, and be grudging. Others strategize, or compromise, and slowly die inside.

In this arms race, I was arrested by her pretty face. I know they say it's wrong. Bonnie and Clyde, we'll take it in stride, rock the Scarlet Letter with pride. Set religion to the side.

I pledge to listen and to surrender. I will have the wisdom to take the time to let you fix and modify and bring clarity to my vision. I lay down my pride, and won't judge, I'm here when you need, and will be a ghost until you need me the most. And will patiently wait, and have been given authority to turn your world upside down, when we get out of the will of God. I expect the same in return.

All this in hopes, that my bandaid and your ban-aid can be the tools we use to turn the guns around so we can hear the most beautiful sound of peace as chains drop. A ceasefire. Love true love. Mending fences, building bridges.

King DeLeon

Oh, Teacher teacher. I gotta few questions,
To tell the truth, I bored as you with yo lame ass lessons. No need to attend class, I know you lazy, plus the administration is scared of me and my mamma, so Ima pass. But since we here, let's put you on the hot seat.

You rant and rave and tell me to behave and in order to be successful, I have to do what you say.

After taking an inventory, an assessment of you will, I need some clarification before the days in and agree to submit to your will.

Number One, what kind of car do you drive, did you pay cash or is your interests rate eating you alive don't look surprised. Yeah, that's cute. My dad has (had) one when he was a youth, cuz he was gettin paid back in the day, and still running the game.

Second don't miss my lesson, I'm givin out the truth only fools spurn their blessing. Number 2 how much money you make, yeah I said it. Want to keep it private, oh I see let me just look it up online...don't try me. You broke as fuck, outa shape out of weight, and look like you ain't fucked in years. Let's get this clear. I think circles around you. My aspirations much higher, the sitting in a dingy old school poising kids and killing dreams 2 years in looking to retire. Nah, let's change gears, i refuse to exchange my hopes and dreams for your fear I want to inspire and create, this shit is easy, I'm not a problem, I just need an escape. I say all this with all due respect, you took it there, I expect you to take it like a grown up. That what's up. Thanks for the chat, a quick pat on the back. I'll never do you wrong. Be true to yourself,

Sincerely,
King DeLeon

The Revolution Will be televised!!!!

Jesus opened up Pandora's Box. Served the Ultimate Riddle.

Taught about seeds planted in different gardens.

King Zamunda, sent his Son to sow his Royal Oats in hopes like Darwin, let the boys fight it out and they will establish their own market value. A Pexkers Pecking order.

Prince Hakeem was drawn to His Queen America. her faith had grown so strong, it's been Sooo long. She had become so Supernaturally, very mater of factually, beyond allo belief, Silently, strong, and so delicate. Born with a Solo cup, chose to see it as a chalice, a princess, so blessed in Daddy's Palace. Rolled around in Cinder's Ashes, no need for an umbrella, Want tackle the fella's. Silently Decided to be Becky, and Icebox. Cup filled half-way, a dipper, and a choice. Some rushed in, didn't value their substance. Others warped their dippers, others, melted their cups together and made a giant bucket, blocking the hose. Look around, so many going thirsty waiting on Trickle down economics. I gave all of my substance, in blind hope that if I step out, something greater than me will show the way. Pocahontas, Joan of Arc, The Sisters in Salem, Cleopatra, Debora, Obamma, Winfree, Beyonce, Rhiana, Raven, Lisa, Ashly(fp), Steve, Elvis, Thicke, T.I. The God, God, Kings!

Blind faith, the cup, the only thing

All Things New

The Old covenant, so many feel their above it. despise old and throw out the baby with the bath water. Can't co-sign, Ima return to the alter, without falter. Whether mythology or history, it doesn't matter to me, as it gives inspiration as seeming street rats are transformed into great nations. So fortunate that someone had the sense to record it. The thought process and the struggle learning what it takes not to be fake and to build my faith muscles. But when the principal abandons principle, the real estate or tech bubble burst like a pimple. The penalty of greed is way too steep. It causes chaos, you fall for the hokus pocus, and loose sight of your sheep. The smart ones flee, others get fleeced, or become meat.

The new covenant is heaven sent, as long as the interpretation is true, correctly applied in context and relevant. The Hebrews in the new were just like in Egypt, complacent slaves who felt irrelevant. Second class citizens. Willing participatory victims to Imperial Terrorism. Perpetual Stockholm, dead wrong, same old song. "no body knows..." Way too willing to suffer unnecessary blows. Born into a sinful system of inequality, and social sorcery. Inception got'em rushing to needles for injection, no placebo for me though, I know what "I am" and why I believe yo. Healing comes from within! A cheerful heart is good medicine. Imperialism is absentee ownership. The rich young ruler, yeah I gave it up. To follow the Lord, had to drink from His cup. Feasted with the sinners, broke bread with the Saints. People are people, stop making judgements, exercise restraint. Do what you gotta do during the day, but don't forget to mind your business. Stop outsourcing your thoughts, can I get a witness. No complacency, allergic to average, with or without a crew. A living witness, to His forgiveness as he has made all things New!